Carve

Carves pale blue eyes were faded, as though with age, and watery. They always looked as though the winter's wind was cutting at them. And they always twinkled, making him seem perpetually happy. Radiating from the corners were deep creases, long and positioned like a crows foot. Added to his generally pleasant manner and constant good humor, they conveyed no deceptionx. He was, in fact, a thoroughly happy man who was always pleasant and seemed unworried. Even when he had problems that weighed upon the limited facilities of his mind, he would seize upon the slighest excuse to laugh, no matter how forced the effort, accompanying the effort with a forward and slightly downward motion of the head, much like a courting duck, often, if he were standing, with a slap on the leg thigh near the knee, bending at the waist to reach this spot, seeming to pretend the thing that offered the excuse for the humor was so funny it doubled him.